



New. Voices

collection of student writings

volume eight, spring 2010 issue

build your bridge
to a brighter future

Copyright 2010, *New Voices*. All Rights Reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, etc., without permission is prohibited. Until further notice, *New Voices* is published in the spring of each year. The publication and Ivy Tech Community College – Central Indiana are not responsible for the accuracy and philosophy of materials submitted. All copyrights belong to the writers and artists individually.

Cover artwork (Front) “Build Your Bridge” by Suzanne Peery. — This poster was rendered in Photoshop as a class project for John Perez’s Fundamentals of Imaging class. The poster won third place in a contest given by Ivy Tech and Career Services. This was one of the first images rendered in Photoshop by Ms. Peery. **(Back)** “Wish You Were Here” by Jennette K. Gagnon — This photograph was taken in South Carolina and is a favorite of the artist. It is what got her started.

New *Voices*

a collection of student writings

Congratulations to the students at Ivy Tech Community College — Central Indiana who are published in this eighth issue of *New Voices*.

This collection is a representative sample from the classes on the Central Indiana campuses. All departments and students may submit manuscripts and artwork for publication. (See page 76). *New Voices* regrets it is unable to include all submissions.

The faculty members whose students contributed manuscripts and material are commended for their support and assistance.


Special thanks to the Student Editorial Board
Amanda Conyers Blevins
James Fisher
Hans Peterson

New Voices is a publication of the
the School of Liberal Arts and Sciences,
Ivy Tech Community College — Central Indiana

Dr. Linda Girard, Dean
Professor Carol Schuck, English Chair

Faculty Editor/Advisor
Professor Judith LaFourest

Copy Editor
Professor Scott Luter



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

Table of Contents

The Little Red School House: Reflecting on My Past	
<i>Margaret Judy Jones</i>	5
Time's Favorite Instrument	
<i>Rosanna Willbite</i>	7
Helena's Fall	
<i>Christyann Eliezer</i>	8
It's Finally My Time	
<i>Jamie Goode</i>	9
Coming Home	
<i>Teresa Grigsby-Evans</i>	13
Five Haiku	
<i>Jordan Walker</i>	14
Veterans Administration Medical Center	
<i>Troy Cothron</i>	15
Coming to America	
<i>Inderjit Mangat</i>	19
Making a Difference	
<i>Christina Sulzberger</i>	21
Haiku Inspired by an Adam Golka Concert	
<i>Margaret Summers</i>	24
Choices	
<i>Cynthia Kukman</i>	25
Three Haiku	
<i>Christyann Eliezer</i>	28
The Rise and Fall of Spray Paint	
<i>Asber Guernsey</i>	29
Good Luck to the Dawn	
<i>Jordan Walker</i>	32
Pit-Bull	
<i>Jordan Walker</i>	33
Two Haiku	
<i>Margaret Judy Jones</i>	35
A Literary Comic Strip	
<i>Alex Chesterfield</i>	36
Drawing I	
<i>Teresa Grigsby-Evans</i>	38

Nothingness Road	
<i>Jennette K. Gagnon</i>	40
Developing Character	
<i>Cari Nicholson</i>	41
Farewell to the International Year of Sanitation	
(A New Year's Day Poem)	
<i>Jordan Walker</i>	42
The Siren	
<i>Jordan Walker</i>	42
The Dying Rooms	
<i>Jenna Bunch</i>	43
Iunius XXV (2009)	
<i>Jordan Walker</i>	47
Jihadists	
<i>Jordan Walker</i>	48
The Dissolution of Brotherhood	
<i>Jordan Walker</i>	49
A Broken Leg : A Better Person	
<i>Gabriel Bambo</i>	57
My Sanctuary	
<i>Christyann Eliezer</i>	60
The Understanding of a Child	
<i>Caleb Ross Hunter</i>	61
Our Crooked Little House	
<i>Teresa Grigsby-Evans</i>	67
It	
<i>Suzanne Peery</i>	68
My Supplies	
<i>Teresa Grigsby-Evans</i>	69
Contributors' Biographies	71
Editors' Biographies	75
How to Submit Your Manuscript, etc.	76

The Little Red School House:
Reflecting
on
My Past

by Margaret Judy Jones

In West Tennessee, just off Highway 22 on Leapwood Drive, about halfway between Nashville and Memphis, there is a red brick building that was an elementary school for many years. The little school had three teachers and four rooms. In one of the rooms there was a partition that had a stage and a dressing room. There was also a supply room and a coat closet. It had a circular drive and one bus driver. The building was built on land that was purchased for three hundred dollars from Fielding and Zora Maness in 1941, according to records obtained from the Chester County Court House in Henderson, Tennessee.

World War II was in progress in 1941. Pearl Harbor was bombed and the United States and Britain declared war on Japan. Also in 1941, Germany declared war on the United States. Perhaps the war was the reason the school was built without indoor plumbing or a heating system. The pot bellied stoves were used for heating, and two outhouses, one for the girls and one for the boys, were used. The pot bellied stoves were replaced with gas heaters in the late 50's. In the early 60's, when I attended school there, indoor plumbing was installed because a spring storm destroyed the outhouses.

That small school provided me with the foundation for my education. That is where I also learned to appreciate music and art.

Even though they did not have an art or music department, they had a music teacher who came to the school and gave piano lessons. There was a recital every year, and the whole school was in the recital. The children who did not take piano lessons were in the chorus. Every year before Christmas break, the school put on a Christmas program with singing and a nativity scene. There was a big Christmas tree, and presents were handed out.

Some of my older cousins attended school there. The teachers even remembered their names because a couple of them were good artists. I remember my cousin Joe liked to draw and paint when he was not in trouble. Joe never talked about his teachers; maybe his memories of that school were not pleasant ones.

About every ten years, I drive by to look at that old school house building, which became a factory for several years and helped the economy in the area. Then the factory owners built a new building, but the old school still stands. A new roof was put on the school house in 2008; I hope that building remains there to remind me of my past.

It does not matter how high tech we become, basic education is the same. The computer can make some learning easier. Children can progress at their own rate with a computer, but they still need to be taught to appreciate art and literature and music the same way I learned in the Little Red School House.

Time's Favorite Instrument

Inspired by the Gothic works of Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne

The ever repeating cycle of time
Has favored me in her symphony.
She drags her bow across my back,
And pulls at my neck to play the harmony.
The strained pounding of my heart
Sets the pounding, meter drum,
And the groans of my weeping throat
Is a solemn, unnerving hum.
With practice she makes perfect
The repeated performance on my instrument;
Never tiring of her methodical repetition,
Never growing weak in constant torment.
I wish she had a different melody to beat,
A sweeter song to rhyme.
But she will not stop her performance
Till my bones clink as her wind chime.

by Rosanna Willhite

Third Place Winner of the Ivy Tech 5th Annual Poetry Contest.

Helena's Fall

Self Sufficient

Prideful Independent Majesty

Head held high and body full of strength.

The once untouchable Helena.

A persistent attack, like a dripping faucet,

An encroaching cancer silently wrapping its
arms around her pulse.

Muted, hollow existence.

dusty guitar.

A thousand dried tears

despairing prayers.

The King's men taught her how to wield the sword.

She fought till her limbs were sore.

An angel set a drink before her.

Hollow laughter without medicine.

An angel set a drink before her.

Glass floated through the air.

An angel set a drink before her.

With a full smile she laid her head on a star

Thanking the angel

Ready for battle.

by Christyann Eliezer

It's Finally My Time

by Jamie Goode

Who would have thought that a 15-year-old girl who ran the streets, skipped school, and hung out with gang members, would be in college to become a nurse? Not me!

I grew up in California and attended the same school, Woodland Park, for six years. I made many friends and was active in sports. When I was fifteen, my parents sold our house and we moved to a new Southern California town, outside of San Diego. I was going to be attending a new high school where I knew no one.

I was an outcast at my new school. Although I played on the Junior Varsity Soccer team, I didn't fit in. I soon became friends with the first group of students who accepted me for me. They were members of a local gang.

I would often skip school to hang out with them in the streets and in parks. I was beginning to get in trouble, which was something new for me. After failing the majority of my classes, my parents decided to send me to Utah to live with my sister, Dina. My parents were scared for me and who I would become if I stayed. I was told that I would be spending the summer with Dina. Instead, I was put on an airplane with one suitcase and a one way ticket. I felt as if they had abandoned me. They signed over guardianship to my 21-year-old sister. Although my sister was a responsible college student, she didn't know anything about raising a teenage girl.

My first month in Utah was a shock. I suddenly had the freedom that I longed for; however, I didn't know anyone. The majority of the people in Utah were Mormon, and if you were not Mormon you

were not accepted. My sister was a college student and had a roommate. I was informed that rent was due on the first of the month and I was responsible for one third of it. What did I know about paying rent? I was barely 16-years-old. I was supposed to be getting my driver's license. Instead I was riding the bus and job hunting. I was given a job as a cashier at a local carwash. I attended school for a half a day, and then was released for work. I worked Monday through Friday until 8 P.M. I became friends with my assistant manager, Kemp, who had just graduated from high school the year before. He would check to make sure I was doing well in school, and that I made it home safely. When I needed help with homework, or just someone to talk to, I knew I could count on him.

I grew up fast during my first year in Utah. I maintained good grades and loved my job. My assistant manager left the carwash for a better job, and we soon began to date. Kemp encouraged me to continue my education and not to settle for anything less than my dreams. By the time I was 19, Kemp and I were married. My friends and family told me I was crazy for getting married so young. I thought I was grown and knew everything. Who needs college? I later learned that I knew nothing.

At 20, I was pregnant with our first child. I had a great job at a call center and was making decent money. A month after I turned 21, we had a beautiful daughter we named Kaiya. My life was no longer my own. I quit my job to stay home with my daughter and I knew at this point, that I would do anything for my little angel. I needed to better myself so I could provide her with everything she needed. My life was great, but I longed for more. I wanted a college education. I decided it was time to go back to school.

When my daughter was two-years-old, I took the first steps and visited the local university. I was excited to tell my family the great news. But instead of informing them of my dreams of returning to school, I told them that we were expecting baby number two. I decided to put my dreams on hold and continue to be a Mom. I had my second daughter at age 24. We named her Camryn. Shortly after the birth of Camryn, my mother-in-law was diagnosed with mouth cancer. We moved in with her so we could take care of her. I took her to chemotherapy and radiation treatments. I made sure her feeding tube was in place to feed her frail body. After fighting for almost a year, cancer won and she died in 2001. I decided, at that time, that I wanted to be a nurse.

Then we moved from Utah to Indiana. My husband's family lived there and we needed the support of family during this difficult time in our lives. Shortly after arriving in Indiana, we discovered we were expecting baby number three. I daydreamed of attending college, but knew my first priority was taking care of my family. My husband worked two jobs to support our growing family, and we had our boy, Jordan. I still craved the college education.

I worked part-time while the older girls were in school. I was home to get them off the bus. I loved helping with their homework and driving to them to soccer and cheerleading. I stopped working outside of the home when the news that baby number four was on her way. We knew that we needed to savor the moments of pregnancy and having a newborn around because she would be our last.

I had our last child, Sienna, the day before I turned 30. I had the most amazing nurse while in the hospital, and decided that I wanted

to pursue a career in Labor and Delivery. Why not? I undoubtedly had experience.

After being a stay at home Mom for ten years, it is now my time. I need to follow through with what I have been telling everyone that I was going to do. I need to ensure that I have the skills to support my family if I ever need to. Most importantly, I need to prove to myself as well as others that I CAN DO THIS!

My husband of 12 years has been my biggest support. When others told me that I wouldn't amount to anything, or that college was too hard for someone like me, he told me, "You can do this." I am currently in my second semester at Ivy Tech and loving the new challenge. I am making my dreams come true and will not quit until I have completed what I have dreamt about!

Coming Home



by Teresa Grigsby-Evans

Five Haiku*

Silent concrete town.
Orange trolley floating on fog
Guide the weary home.

*

Sugary snow mounds
Melt to rainbow-filled basins
From the sultry sun

*

Boats move toward the moon.
Lucid nets drag in the night.
Dawn rewards the catch

*

Dismembered empire...
Over the lost Anglo-sphere
The sun sets again.

*

Yellow meadows passed
Speeding down the road as one
Toward a second chance

by Jordan Walker

**Japanese art form of the 8th century. Three lines of a pattern of five, seven, five syllables.
Uses imagery and often nature.*

Veterans Administration Medical Center

by Troy Cothron

The Veterans Administration Medical Center's (VA) service and care for patients is equal to or better than that of civilian medical centers. From my own experience and interviews with patients and nurses, the service and care that veterans receive at the VA is equal to or better than the service and care that patients receive in a civilian medical center.

According to the VA Organizational Briefing Book;

The Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) established an independent agency under the President by Executive Order 5398 on July 21, 1930, and was elevated to Cabinet level on March 15, 1969 (Public Law No. 100-527) (2009, p. 1).

The VA Hospital that I will be discussing is Roudebush Medical Center, located in Indianapolis, Indiana. According to Human Resources Department this VA center opened in 1952. It services 50,000 veterans a year. It has 500,000 outpatient procedures and 7,300 in patient procedures on average per year. It operates on a 230 million dollar a year budget.

According to a patient at the VA, the number one complaint he has is prescriptions take way too long to get to him, (personal communication, 23 October 2009). Six years ago the VA went to a mail policy for prescriptions instead of picking them up. According to this patient, after ordering his prescription it can take up to two weeks to receive his prescription. His main complaint is that if he forgets to order his prescription he cannot pick it up at the

medical center.

The best thing this patient likes about the VA Hospital is the time he gets to spend with his doctor. He feels that the doctor actually listens and cares about his problem. He considers the service from the staff to be average or slightly above average. From my own experience my doctor is extremely concerned about my health and welfare. I seem to have enough time to express my concerns about my health and I personally do not have a problem with the way the system is set up for prescriptions as long as I order on time.

According to a nurse at the VA Medical Center, the number one complaint that she hears from veterans is about parking. The nurse states that some veterans have to spend so much time finding a parking space that they miss their scheduled appointment (personal communication, 23 October 2009). The nurse agrees with these patients that the parking is absolutely terrible.

Also, according to the nurse at the VA Hospital, she feels that the service and care that veterans receive is better than in a civilian medical center. When asked if she would use the VA, if she could, for herself and her family, the nurse answered with an enthusiastic “definitely.” When asked what the best change was that the VA has done since she has worked there she answered, “the VA instituting priority groups for medical care.” According to *Federal Benefits for Veterans* (2009, p.2) the veterans admission enrolls veterans in one of eight priority groups. Each group is prioritized according to the severity of their medical needs from injuries that were sustained while service connected or non service connected. Veterans are also prioritized according to what wars they participated in or years of

service. Now this may sound confusing to a veteran new to the system. Some may feel they are not getting the service and care they are entitled to. These priority groups are clearly set out in the pamphlet “Federal Benefits for Veterans” (2009).

A patient at Dr. Hamrick’s office in Danville, Indiana, says his number one complaint about his service and care is that he does not get to spend enough time with the doctor. This patient stated that he does not feel he is able to communicate to the doctor all the information he needs in order to address his medical problems (personal communication, 23 October 2009). The number one thing he likes about his doctor is the availability. He is able to call the doctor and get an appointment within a week. In my personal experience with civilian doctors I also feel like they do not have the time or the compassion that my VA doctor does. I will agree with the convenience of a civilian doctor because at the VA to get an appointment in some departments could take up to two months if it is not a priority or an emergency. According to the nurse at doctor Hamrick’s office, the number one complaint from patients is how long it took to get back to see the doctor (personal communication, 23 October 2009). In my experience with civilian doctors I could be sitting in the waiting room for a couple hours before seeing the doctor. However, at the VA if I have an appointment at 1300 I see my doctor at 1300.

According to the nurse at doctor Hamrick’s office, the patients like the cleanliness and the atmosphere of the office the most. I will agree that most doctors offices are much newer than the VA and thus may look cleaner. However, the VA is extremely clean and well kept for a building that is 57-years-old.

According to Robert Butler (1993) "The model of a nationwide long-term program already exists. Other long-term care programs could profit from studying and adopting features of the VA." I agree with Mr. Butler that civilian medical centers could learn from the VA on how to run their health care systems. I feel the VA provides the quality care and service that all veterans need and deserve. The staff at the medical center are always respectful and helpful and treat the veterans as if they were their sons, fathers, and grandfathers. For years the VA has gotten a bad reputation for their service and care, and rightfully so.

Since instituting new policies focused on patient care and delivering world class medical services to veterans, the VA has become a model system for civilian medical facility to follow. I also think that it would do most people good to go visit a VA Medical Center and talk to some of the veterans there and see how happy most of them are with service and care they receive at the VA. In the process of doing this people will get to meet some real characters and real heroes. People will realize that there are veterans all around them, and that not only the VA should appreciate them and treat them with respect, but all Americans should appreciate them and treat them with respect they deserve.

Coming to America

by Inderjit Mangat

Unemployment, crime, and corruption were increasing day by day in India. The standard of education was deteriorating. Coming out of high school, I needed to decide what to do next. Staying home would have taken me nowhere. I needed to go to a place where I could fulfill my dreams.

I had heard America was a safer place of vast opportunities. There was a value to human life, and people could fight for their rights. People were treated as equals no matter what race they were. Life seemed better in the United States. From hearing all these positive things about America, I made an important decision to emigrate and live in America.

Moving away from the place where one has grown up is not easy. Leaving loved ones and the comforts of home may seem difficult, but if I wanted to succeed I had to make drastic decisions.

I learned America is very different from India. In the United States, roads are mostly free of traffic jams as compared to India. In America, few people stand in long lines to pay bills. Most importantly, there are more opportunities to succeed. I enjoy seeing people from different countries, of different colors and religions living together.

America taught me many things. Hard work was the key to success. Various individuals who were my age were working and going to school at the same time. Life was not easy for them, but they were slogging it out. Looking at all these people, I was motivated to work hard. This did not happen in India. Youngsters in

India are mostly dependent on their parents. Generally, there are few employment opportunities in India. It is said that the atmosphere around a person has a great effect on one's personality. In India, I was lazy and useless. But, in America I am a different person.

Starting school was challenging. Working a full-time job and doing full-time school was hard. My parents were concerned. They were not sure whether I would be able to survive. But, I was here to stay because I was determined to support myself.

My parents wrote me letters. They were proud of me. Their emotions could be felt through their words. I could feel that they had started to believe in me. Their expectations were motivational.

Life gives chances to everyone. But, still all people do not succeed. Some grab those chances by both hands. Being independent and supporting myself was the greatest accomplishment for me. I am more responsible, hard working, and disciplined in America.

Moving to America was a life-changing process. I became a big motivation for my friends and cousins in India. My success made them determined to change their future.

I had been discouraged by my friends and family when I first decided to move to America. They thought it was foolish to move to a place thousands of miles away looking for a better future. Even my parents did not believe in me.

All of that changed with time. My hard work paid off. People who were against my ambitions now praise me. Success changes everything and there is no substitute for hard work. Dreams can be fulfilled.

Making a Difference

by Christina Sulzberger

In January 2008, my husband was diagnosed with Stage 4 Tonsil Cancer. The biopsy of the 8mm mass found in his neck determined the diagnosis as the worst stage.

There were tears shed on that day and the days thereafter. The hardest thing was making the phone calls and telling this terrible, devastating news over and over. We then began educating ourselves by compiling information, doing research, and having consultations with many doctors. Glimmers of hope were given, a glimmer but nonetheless, HOPE. We knew that we needed to pray for strength and guidance to deal with this life-changing news – Cancer.

Less than a month passed and we had an appointment for the first chemotherapy treatment. The medical staff (Medical Oncologist) gave us hope and we had the comfort of knowing that they would take care of him and do everything possible to help and support us. We were inspired yet again to stay positive and the medical staff continued to encourage and give us hope. Sometimes it would be as a smile or a gentle tap on the back or shoulder. The smiles always helped.

After three chemotherapy treatments, he was at the first of a seven-week radiation treatment regimen. Yet again, we were surrounded by a caring, comforting and compassionate medical staff (Radiation Oncology). Each day was more and more challenging, but we were surrounded by a loving family and God's love. Seven weeks passed and by this time my husband had lost 70 pounds and could not eat anything by mouth. He was getting all of

his nourishment by a liquid diet through a Gastrointestinal Tube. Another side effect from the treatment caused him to lose several layers of skin all around his neck and part of his chest. This was very painful for him. We were thankful that he survived such a harsh treatment regimen and was being encouraged by the medical staff.

Then it was time for the CT scan results. We were finally going to know if the treatment had been successful. Anxiously waiting, still praying, we received the news. The scan revealed five “spots.” The surgeon explained that there was a huge possibility that it was scar tissue, but surgery would be necessary to have the final assurance that the cancer was gone.

They performed a modified neck dissection to remove the five lymph nodes in question. We were relieved that the surgery was successful and that all of the cancer was gone. The Ear, Nose, and Throat surgeon would repeatedly tell us “You will beat this! You are going to be fine!” With this great news it was now time to start recuperating and start “living a happy, healthy life” again. In April 2009, a PET scan was performed and the cancer is in remission. So thankful are we.

In the early months of this year, I was laid off due to lack of work. I joined the Volunteer Services Team at Community Hospital East and started working with the cancer patients. This is one of the same facilities where my husband received treatment. I would go and see some of the same people each week in the room alone. I would make a special effort to sit and talk to these people, not about cancer, but about life, hoping these conversations would provide them with some hope and a sense of relief just to know that people do care.

One of my favorite patients was nauseated from treatment and could not eat, but she loved the *Emeril Show*. We would talk about food and she would give me cooking tips. I know that the time I spent with her made a difference. Words of encouragement are not just spoken, but are conveyed by actions as well.

I have now been chosen from many applicants to work at The Indiana Heart Hospital as a Patient Support Technician, and I have decided to become a nurse. Now I see open-heart surgery and patients with other illnesses and their families going through the same struggles we did.

I want to make a difference in lives even if it is as simple as a kind word. This life-changing experience has given me the insight and motivation to change careers, and continue my education so that I can be an inspirational and motivational caregiver.

Haiku Inspired by an Adam Golka Concert*

An hour with Golka
So proud of his Polish roots
Superb pianist

*

Chopin's Fantasy
Stirring tribute to hero
Rousing, Uplifting

*

Enter Ravel's Jeux d'eau
I'm in an aquarium
Notes tinkling o'er me

by Margaret Summers

**Adam Golka performed at the Ivy Tech Downtown Campus in the NMC Auditorium on February 10, 2009. He was the winner of the 2009 Classical Fellowship Award.*

Choices

by Cynthia Kukman

“Oh, there you are,” I heard my Uncle Mike saying as I tried to hide, closing my eyes really tight as if he couldn’t see me then. I didn’t want to leave the safety of the closet. I was sitting huddled up in a corner, like a cat afraid of an impending storm, under the hanging coats; my eyes were stinging with tears. I wondered if my eyes would ever be dry; I had been crying for so long. I was at my father’s funeral; somehow I knew this day would come, but...he was too young.

My father was raised by a bi-polar father who worked long hours at Naval Avionics in Indianapolis, Indiana, and by an abusive, alcoholic mother who eventually became a patient at the nearby Central State Hospital where she died a few years prior to my father’s death. My father was greatly affected by his upbringing and he, too, became an abuser: an alcoholic. I learned at a very young age not to anger him. Once, however, I hid a bottle of his whiskey from him because when he drank it he would become a different person, and I didn’t like that person. He would make my sister and I drink some with him; it was a vile drink I thought to myself, worse than the cough medicine my mom would give me when I was sick. *“I will never do this to my children,”* I would think to myself.

On March 29th, 1971, three days after my 7th birthday, when my sister and I came through the front door of our home after a day at school, the record player was blaring Iron Butterfly’s “In-A-Gadda-

Da-Vida.” My father was slumped over, sitting Indian style, and there was a gun in his hand. The air smelled of metal; I could taste it. I will never forget that smell.

My younger sister was only two and I could hear her crying from her crib in the other room. I didn’t know why he was sitting so still. My sister and I looked at each other; he had to be playing with us. He did that sometimes. I walked over and put my hand on his shoulder and said, “Daddy?” expecting him to jump up and chase me around the house. He didn’t; so I shook him a little. That’s when I noticed the blood. It was thick and dark red, almost black; it was in a puddle under where his head bowed.

My sister had turned off the record player and checked on our little sister to calm her down. “How long had she been crying?” I wondered. She seemed okay, just upset that no one came in to get her, I hoped. My sister came back into the living room and asked me if our father was dead. I had taken my father’s wallet out of his front shirt pocket to check for a heartbeat. “Nothing.” I panicked, not knowing what to do. This was years before 911 had been implemented; my sister called my mom at work and explained to her what we had seen. She told us to get my baby sister and stay in the kitchen until she got home. We took her from her room and into the kitchen shielding her from the gruesome sight. She remembers nothing of our father, nothing of that horrible day.

My mom worked a few blocks away, but it seemed like a long time before she came home. When she finally did, she had her friend Bob from work; he was there to help her she told me. The ambulance arrived at my house. My mom must have called them. The EMT’s were busily working on my father and I was hoping that

they could bring my father back to me. He was an abusive alcoholic, but he was my daddy and I loved him. He wasn't always mean; there were times that we played games and he was a nice, caring father.

I asked my mother after the ambulance had left with my father if he was dead and she told me he was and that he wasn't coming home. I asked her why he had killed himself and she replied, "I don't know."

My father's suicide was the last choice my father made. I believe that the way someone lives life is a series of choices. My father chose to become an alcoholic, he chose to be an abuser, and finally, he chose to take his own life.

My sister and I were brought up in the same environment. We went through the same abuse, the same trauma, and yet we chose a different way. I believe everyone has a choice to become who they want to be.

My sister chose to use our past as an excuse to become an alcoholic, an addict, and an abuser. She blames our father for her actions, and in doing so, she is giving him power over her life even in death. If she can not forgive him and take responsibility for her own actions, she will never be able to live her own life.

It took many years for me to be able to let myself love and be loved, but I knew that I had to forgive my father for everything he had done or he would forever have control over my life. Life is a series of choices. All people can do is try to make the best choice they can for themselves and those around them.

Three Haiku

Perfect earthen cot
Beneath heaven's night displayed
Lucent stars singing

*

Moonlit iris bloom
In lonely garden waiting
Warm sunrise kisses

*

Unrestrained tears fall
Encroaching fear captivates
Where is my refuge?

by Christyann Eliezer

The Rise and Fall of Spray Paint

by Asher Guernsey

In March, 2007, I had recently turned 18 and curfew no longer applied. Kris and I had met at Hamilton Southeastern High School months before, and we became fast friends due to our interest in skateboarding. Kris introduced me to another art form, graffiti. The idea of spray painting my “tag,” a self-coined nickname for oneself, on walls and buildings where the general populace would view them daily appealed to me. After much practice on paper, Kris and I started combining our skating trips with tagging trips. I felt an adrenaline rush every time I raised my can while furtively scanning the area for law enforcement.

On one trip we travelled an hour and a half north of Indianapolis to Rushville. The town has a couple blocks of small shops, but nothing was open at this time in the morning. I turned down an alley and found a parking lot, totally surrounded by buildings. Kris immediately noticed a stair set he wanted to skate; so I parked the car. He started skating, and I decided to get out the spray paint from my trunk. I started tagging a wall, constructing two or three pieces on a nice stretch of brick. Then, noticing electrical boxes and power lines that were climbable, I scaled them, putting my last piece three stories up on a building. By the time I was done, Kris had added his tags to mine. We decided to leave.

I started the car and drove out of one of the several exits to the alley. As I pulled onto the street, I failed to notice the policeman until he pulled up behind me. I kept driving, following the speed limit, but my precautions didn't stop his lights from coming on,

forcing me to pull over. Immediately a story came to mind, and the best lie is always the one closest to the truth. The officer approached the car, asked us what we were doing. We said we were skating, and he told us he pulled the car over because we had an out-of-town license plate, and for being “suspicious.”

I remember sitting in the car, hoping, praying, that they would just let us go. My hopes vanished as soon as a second, and then a third, police car joined the parade behind my vehicle. The officers made us step out of the car, and sat us on the ground, and started searching my car, without asking. When they started searching my trunk, I knew that there was no hope for an easy out. They found the spray paint.

We were interrogated separately. Since they couldn't get us to confess to using the paint, they went to check the alley they saw us pull out of. When they returned, they wanted to see if we had any paint on our hands. I noticed that a small black dot of paint was on my thumb. Frantically I tried to scratch it off, but the paint would not come off. This proved to the police that we were guilty. We were handcuffed; Kris and I were taken to jail.

Being in jail was probably the worst experience I have ever had. Kris and I were huddled on foam cots that they provided, whispering about what we were going to do. We were definitely both scared. Neither of us knew what was going to happen, when we would get out, what would happen. My one phone call, I made to my father. I told him my situation, and hoped that he would help. Kris thought that my parents would bail me out, but worried if his mother would do the same. He was even more scared than me, so much so that he memorized my phone number so he would have a

way to tell me if he couldn't get out, and I promised to do everything I could to get him out. The next morning, my father bailed me out at 10:30. I don't think I've ever been happier to leave a place. Kris was definitely scared then, and made me promise to help him get out, too.

After my father and I left the jail, we got my car out of the impound lot and started home. That's when Kris called and told me that they let him out, only 30 minutes after my dad bailed me out. I went home with a court date, worried about what would happen.

Kris and I figured that if we went back and painted over the tags, then the police probably wouldn't press charges. We returned to Rushville once more.

I hardly recognized the alley, but I definitely recognized the tags. It was at that point that I realized that the name of the store that we tagged was Christian Values Furniture. I was horrified. It wouldn't have been so bad, if the people who owned it had been angry, had yelled at us, had told us we were horrible, but they didn't. They were some of the nicest people I have ever met. They supplied the paint and the brushes, and we supplied the manpower. We painted the whole wall for them, and they left their mark on us as well.

I don't know if they talked to the police, or what exactly happened, but no charges were filed. We escaped "scot free," but not the same. The situation made me realize that my actions affect others. Recklessly marking other people's property may be a thrill, but that doesn't make it right. The situation helped me become a better, more caring person, and made me realize, with all the pain and hurt in the world, nobody needs another reason to have a bad day.

Good Luck to the Dawn

Good luck to the dawn,
Drawing out those from yesterday.

Some of whom,
May not comeó
And others, too far flung from misery
To revel to the new day.

Dawn:
Crossing over toothless vagrants
Slumbering below glass spires
While the apathetic beasts walk among them
In herds of lavender and grey.

Dawn:
Arousing the runner
Who jogs through the forest
Sneaker to foot;
Kicking up clouds of soot
Against the living stone.

In chorus:
The orange and yellow revelry
Brushes against
The miserable,
Bums,
Amid large sums of bounty
Running toward to-morrow

Carpe noctem, pretentious dawnó
Today, tomorrow, and a thousand years on.

by Jordan Walker

Pit-Bull

by Jordan Walker

Light beams from the headlights on the highway shone through the pound's window onto Suga's brindled fur, her coat fading in and out of the darkness as the headlamps from the cars traversed the canopies of the meandering trees. She lifted her cherry-red nose into the air, looked around a bit, put her head back down, and closed her eyes again. She curled into a ball, with her muzzle nestling against the white oval that encircled her behind. She knows exactly six different tricks: shake, roll-over, sit, possum, speak, and, the most difficult of them all, clap — an act where she stands on her hind legs and then claps her front paws together. She is a fine dog — she is loved.

Suga's misfortune started on a Sunday afternoon. Her owner had taken her to the park: as usual they played Frisbee, ran laps, and slept under the shade of the maple tree. Just when they were beginning to leave, Suga spotted a calico dart past the Jeep. Despite her owner's commands, she broke loose and chased the cat several miles down the road. The cat got away. Suga didn't. She was picked up by animal control shortly after.

Because she was so handsome and was wearing a brand-new collar, the animal control officers figured she would be picked up by nightfall, so they put her in a temporary holding cage. The sun rose, and it rose again, and Suga was still in the holding cage.

"Does she have a chip?" the young guard asked.

"Nope," the older one said. "You know it's the first thing I check when I bring 'em in."

"I know. It's just so damn strange that a dog that beautiful wouldn't have tags or be chipped."

"Isn't it."

"Such a shame she has to be euthanized."

"It is."

"Say, why don't you adopt her?"

"Catherine would never go for it. We have an 18-month-old staggering around the house, and she bumps into enough things as it is...." The guard paused. "Why don't you?"

"Not enough space. Lord knows I would if I could, but I could never fit her into a studio apartment."

"True."

"This policy is so damn stupid. 24 hours. Barely gives the owner enough time to post the flyers...."

"Then take her home."

"It's already been two days hasn't it?"

"It has," the older guard said. "And if we would have caught her on Monday she would be dead by now."

"You're right."

"Thank god Mike leaves the dirty work to us on the weekends. But if he finds out she's been here for 48 hours..." the older guard said, "we're toast."

Five days later. Suga was asleep. She was awakened by rubber-soled boots squeaking against the tile floor. The older guard approached the cage, his bundle of keys making a rattle as they clicked open the lock to her cage.

"Come on girl," he said.

He grabbed her by the collar and walked her down the corridor.

He patted her on top of the head and said,
“You’re a fine girl.”

* * *

Many animal shelters throughout the country have a 24 hour kill policy for pit bulls. Call your local animal shelter and ask them if they have a 24 hour policy to euthanize the breed once it has been captured; if they do, tell them to end the practice of breed specific genocide.

Two Haiku

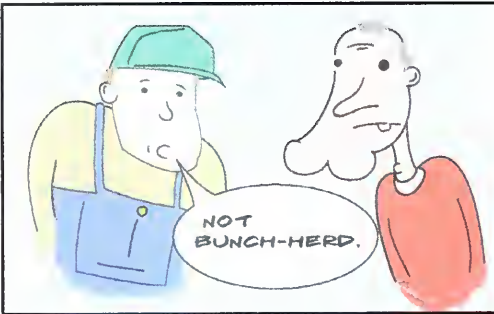
Lofty furry tails
Squirrels chasing each other
Fans sit on the porch

*

The oaks have crystals
The snow lights up the night sky
No one is in sight

by Margaret Judy Jones

A Literary Comic Strip





Drawing I





by Teresa Grigsby-Evans

Nothingness Road



by Jennette K. Gagnon

Developing Character



Plaster Sculpture — three pieces nestled together.

by Cari Nicholson

Farewell to the International Year of Sanitation¹ (A New Year's Day Poem)

Nine years ago you and I, were born —
Born into the millennia.
Now we approach the cusp of another decade
One year from the day of arbitrary clocks that dictate
The rhythm of matters to come.
We plow through wheat fields of bronze
According to the hours.
We sit in our dwellings according to our yields,
But there is no harvest. Thus, there is no home.
Our crops yielded lies of gold.

¹2008, year designated by the UN to raise awareness about the unclean conditions of the drinking water of numerous countries.

by Jordan Walker

The Siren

A thousand knots
Beyond the shore
I saw her
Submerge
Into the azure.

by Jordan Walker

The Dying Rooms

by Jenna Bunch

The 1995 BBC television documentary *The Dying Rooms* was produced by Kate Blewett and Brian Woods, and it took over two years to create. It won the Peabody Award in 1996. *The Dying Rooms* is an appalling documentary about Chinese orphanages.

Ms. Blewett and Mr. Woods traveled to China on tourist visas, “disguised” as American missionaries. They used concealed cameras to film unacceptable and acceptable conditions in three government run and two privately run Chinese orphanages. As they approached these orphanages, a representative from the orphanage usually came out to greet them, then took them to meet with the director. Then from that point, the representative took them inside for them to help, as missionaries do. Upon entering the rooms where the children were kept, Blewett and Woods immediately encountered unacceptable and deplorable conditions or good conditions.

Blewett and Woods traveled more than 4,000 miles and they visited five different orphanages. Two of the five orphanages were privately run; three were run by the Chinese government. The first orphanage they documented was a clean, well-run facility, and it was also a government facility. Blewett and Woods made an example of this orphanage, noting that this orphanage is an example of the way all of the orphanages should be run.

However, the second orphanage that Blewett and Woods filmed was sickening. The documentary showed children, most of whom were girls, tied to bamboo potty chairs with their legs spread apart so they would not urinate on themselves, therefore making less work

for the caretakers. These children were often left on these bamboo potty chairs all day long. Their only interactive activity usually was when an older child (but not much older) came over to talk, or play with them, or to hit them on the head. In one of these orphanages, the only caretaker that they saw was an adolescent girl in a white lab coat. She was the only one in charge of all of the children at the second orphanage, at the time of filming.

When Blewett and Woods walked into the second and third orphanages, the first thing that registered with their senses was the mixed smells of soured milk, urine, and unwashed bodies, which was almost overpowering. The third orphanage that they visited was worse than the second. This third orphanage used potty benches to confine children. These potty benches usually seat up to five children, all of whom were tied to the bench. The benches are made of wood with holes in the center that the children sit on; these benches have no potties underneath, so the children urinate directly onto the ground. These benches are not just used for the young children who are not yet potty trained, but they are also used for the mentally handicapped children who reside in the third orphanage, no matter their age.

What makes the third orphanage the worst was the death ratio. It was said in the documentary that one out of every five children who went into that orphanage died, especially in the heat of the summer. During the hot season, more children die than the one in five ratio. Some orphanages have dying rooms. This orphanage had a dying building. When a child gets ill in the summer, the sickness spreads rapidly among the other children because the orphanages do not have proper medical staff, antibiotics, or air conditioning and

disease breeds rapidly in heat. Blewett is quoted in the documentary as saying, “unnoticed, unremembered, and unmourned deaths.” She is speaking of the vast number of children who die in Chinese orphanages every year.

Blewett and Woods also visited a privately run orphanage, where the difference was noticeable. In the film, the children are outside in nice clothing and playing with toys, an amenity that the other orphanages did not have. This orphanage also had caretakers who were visible outside with the children and were playing games with them; whereas in the second and third orphanages, caretakers were not seen or there were few of them.

The fourth part of the documentary was by the hardest to watch. Blewett and Woods are filming in the final orphanage, and at first they think that the orphanage is for mentally handicapped children, as they see no younger children. As they walk around, they come across a room with cribs in it. These cribs look as if they are using them for storing blankets; there is a child in each of these cribs. Though there is only one child per crib in this orphanage, they are covered completely with thick blankets, and it seems that it would not be hard for them to suffocate.

In this orphanage, there was a little girl who had been sick. When Blewett and Woods arrived, they were told that ten days beforehand, she had been put into a room by herself. What they discovered, was yes, she had been put into a room by herself, but in doing that she had been put into that room onto a bare wooden bed with no blankets and had been ignored. When questioned about her, the staff of the orphanage told Blewett and Woods that her name

was Mei-Ming and that they wouldn't go into that room. The staff was waiting for one of the other children to discover Mei-Ming and to tell them that she had died. Blewett and Woods entered the room where Mei-Ming was being housed.

Their first sight was of a little girl who was about two-years-old. She was emaciated and her cry was pitiful. She had a dark yellow substance around both of her eyes, and she looked miserable. It was said that if she had been a boy, everything would have been done to save her.

This was a very emotional part of the documentary for the producers, as well as for the viewer, myself. Blewett picked this little girl, Mei-Ming, up into her arms, as though she could not resist trying to comfort this little child in what could be her last remaining hours. The producers both sat there in the room with Mei-Ming for a while, holding her, talking to her, and crying over her. I am sure that it had to be the worst feeling in the world to have to put this helpless child back into the wooden bed and walk away. Mei-Ming died four days after the producers had filmed her.

After *The Dying Rooms* was released as a television documentary, the Chinese government issued statements saying, "The dying rooms do not exist." And that they were "fabrications of the truth." They are also reported to have said that the producers had "ulterior motives." The Chinese government may say what they like, but I believe what I saw on this documentary. This film definitely shows the world how bad some of the orphanages in China were in 1995.

Today the orphanages have improved. The Chinese government increased funds for the orphanages, and they have been improved both outside and inside. The education level for the caretakers is

higher and the care given to these children is better.

* * *

This documentary may be viewed at <http://kitmantv.blogspot.com/2009/08/dying-rooms.html>

Iunius¹ XXV (2009)²

Under the green mountains west of here,
Haedus³ dimmed
into oblivion.

The Ms. and the Misread have died.

Meanwhile, ten million more beings are alive —
staring at their mortal souls in the mirror.

¹ June

² June 25, 2009, date of death of both Michael Jackson and Farrah Fawcett

³ Two stars in the constellation Auriga

by Jordan Walker

Jihadists

They explode like supernovas in the darkness.

They juxtapose themselves against the garrison
Mantled in bombs and misguided religion.

Their targets dismantle into a collage of crimson lumps.

Simultaneously,
On a vessel
With armed contraptions
And ornamented sentries,
The Adversary stands
Before a banner of triumph.

by Jordan Walker

The Dissolution of Brotherhood

by Jordan Walker

The night sky was gray, but the mood in the house was bright. My mother had just been promoted to supervisor of the human resources specialists at Roche Diagnostics; I had been accepted into the law program at IU. And my father was having one of his good-days; the joints in his once strong limbs (which had toiled in America's car factories for over thirty years) were not aching from his arthritis. The three of us were in the living room watching Jay Leno read his "Headlines" segment. I was sitting on the wine-colored love seat, my mother was reclining on the beige couch, and my father was in usual spot — the Lazy Boy chair in the corner of the room. Leno began to read a report about a girl who made a ridiculous 911 call; it had something to do with a giant rat and a hair dryer. We all laughed. Then, as the chuckles from Jay Leno's joke subsided, my older brother, Dayton, walked in. The room grew quiet; we had not seen him in months.

For the past few years, Dayton had had a rough life. In 2006, after a three-year stint, he was released from Pendleton Correctional Facility (about 25 miles northeast of Indianapolis) for possession of drugs and weapons charges. He had led Indiana State Police on an over 100 mph chase through seven different counties, until eventually losing control and crashing into a guardrail in southern Indiana. The police found illegal firearms and several pounds of marijuana inside his car.

The subsequent year, he lost sight in his left eye from a botched meth lab explosion. That incident forced him to abandon his meth

habit, but that only drove him to pick up a new one: crack cocaine. The next two years he spent life pillaging homes, panhandling downtown, and providing “services” at the local truck stop for money to buy drugs. He was thirty-two now (ten years older than I was), but he was lost — a grown man trapped in a juvenile’s body, still trying to find his fit in the complicated puzzle called life.

He was drunk tonight; the smell of Wild Turkey whirled from the foyer.

“Hi mom, hi dad,” he said. He didn’t bother to greet me because he knew I had nothing to say to him.

Walking up to my dad, who was still seated in his chair, Dayton bent over to give a hug. My dad awkwardly wrapped his arms around my brother. Father looked as if he was making a hula-hoop with his limbs.

“You look good son,” father said nervously. Dayton stepped back and gave my father a puzzled look.

“What is it, son?” My father gave my brother a nervous glance. “You look good. We’re happy to see you. How — “

“Why must you always f***ing lie!!!” he shouted. “Tell me. Why?”

“Dayton, please, you don’t have to talk to your father like that. He was giving you a compliment,” my mother said.

Dayton froze. For that brief moment, he was suspended between the present and the future. His next action would decide the latter. He walked up to my mother and snatched the table lamp off the end table next to her.

“Dayton, please don’t....”

He slammed the lamp into the table. Shards of black porcelain

and glass danced in the air.

“I’m thirty-f***ing-two-years old! Don’t you tell me how to talk to my goddamn father!”

Blue sparks shot out from the bulb bracket, followed by a loud hiss. The living-room nearly faded to black — the only source of light was coming from a T.V. screen with Kermit and Ms. Piggy showing Jay Leno how to bake a cake. Ms. Piggy was laughing while Kermit was running back and forth trying to put out a fire shooting from the oven.

“Is this what you wanted!?!” my brother screamed. My mother sat in her seat shaking, tears running down her cheeks. “Answer me!”

I got up to turn on the other light. My brother dropped the contorted mesh of wires and steel that had once been our mother’s favorite lamp and turned toward me.

“Where are you going Gabriel?”

“Nowhere. I’m just going in the other room to turn on the light,” I said.

“No, you’re not! You’re going to call the police. Aren’t you?”

“If you want me to, I can. I’m simply going in the other room to flip on the light.”

I turned my back and began to head down the hallway. He charged after me. I did a 180; his head slammed into my gut. I was nearly dazed — I took in a heavy gasp of air. I grabbed hold of his T-shirt, pulled it over his head, and wrapped my forearms under his chin. We both went down on our knees. He tried to spin around, but I rolled with him like a crocodile with its prey in a death grip. We spun around several times. Eventually, he ran out of breath, his once athletic body tired from years of heavy abuse.

“Let me go bro!” he cried.

“No, we’re going to stay like this until the police get here,” I said. “Mom! Go call the police. I have him under control. Hurry up!” She ran into the kitchen.

Within five minutes, red and blue lights surrounded our home. The officers banged on the door. My father opened it. Two police officers stood at the entrance: a tall, older man with broad shoulders and decorations running down his breast and a younger one who was gaunt. A single shield adorned his chest.

“Did someone call about a disturbance?” the older officer asked. He and his partner stepped inside.

“Yes, it’s my son, my-my elder one. My son Gabriel has him in the back hallway subdued,” my father said.

The two officers ran down the hall.

“I got him!” I said valiantly to the officers. “I have him under control.”

I released my grip. My brother fell to the floor face first. The veteran policeman walked up behind him and slapped his cuffs around my brother’s wrist.

“Good job,” the officer said. “I think we can take it over from here.”

The arresting officer tried to pull my brother up from the ground. Dayton didn’t move.

“Get up. Did you hear me? I said get up!” He looked over at his partner. “I hate it when they do this....”

The rookie stepped forward and got down on his knees. He put his two fingers on my brother’s neck.

“He’s not breathin’ sarge.”

“He’s not?”

“Nope.” The officer put his fingers on Dayton’s wrist. “No pulse. He’s definitely dead. We’re gonna have to call the coroner.”

The other policeman lifted his knee off my brother’s back. He stood up and shook his head.

“Damn it,” he mumbled under his breath. “Alright, call Sally...and tell her we have a homicide.”

A lump tumbled down my throat.

“Homicide?” I said. “I didn’t mean to hurt him.”

“You didn’t. You killed him,” the veteran cop said.

The rookie interjected.

“It’s okay. We know it was an accident. We just have to classify all deaths at the hands of another a homicide. It’s only a procedural thing. Isn’t that right Harry?”

“The other officer didn’t reply.

“Harry?”

“Huh?”

“Isn’t that right? It’s only procedural.”

“Yeah, that’s right,” the other officer grumbled. “But we’re still going to have to take you down to the station to ask you some questions.”

The rookie put his chin up to the black box on his shoulder.

“Station, this is 504 reporting. We got a 10-87 over here on...1945 Alton Avenue. Could you please send a CSU?”

“Roger that, 405. A unit is on the way.”

My mother ran to the entryway of the hall, her eyes fixated on me. Immediately, I put my head down. She began to pant.

“W-W-What is going on?” she said.

“Ma’am, I’m going to need you to go in the other room. I will explain everything to you in a moment,” the older officer said.

“A moment? I don’t have a moment. What is wrong with my son?! Why isn’t he moving?”

“Again, ma’am, please go in the other room. My partner will be in there in a moment to explain everything. Don, could you go in there please?” The rookie nodded his head then marched into the living room.

“So, am I being arrested?” I said.

“No, we’re just taking you down to the station to ask you a couple of questions. After that, we’re gonna release you. It’s up to the prosecutor whether he’s gonna press charges or not.”

“You think he will?”

“Nah, probably not. According to our records, your brother has...” He corrected himself. “Had been in trouble six times over the last three months for domestic violence. Plus, my partner is in there taking down reports from your parents. Just as long as everything matches up you’ll be back home in time to make it to school. You are in school right?”

“Yeah, I’m a senior, a straight A student. I’ve never been in trouble.”

“That’s good, what school?”

“IUPUI.”

“Oh yeah? I got a daughter who goes there. She’s a political science major — “

A wail echoed down the hall.

“Noooooooo...” the voice cried, eventually fading into a whimper. It was my mother. As much as I hated Dayton, she still loved him —

faults and all.

“Come on kid,” the officer said. He grabbed my hand and helped me up on my feet.

We walked down the hall into the foyer. My mom was sitting on the arm of the couch, her face flushed red from tears. The rookie was standing next to her with his hand on her shoulder, muttering words of condolence into her ear. My father was sitting in his chair with a vacant stare, gazing at the family portraits on the wall. The room was void of happiness. I began to turn my head to take one last look at my mother, but I couldn’t muster the will.

“It’s okay son. I know you didn’t mean to do it,” she said. “The officer already explained everything to me.”

Okay mom,” I muttered.

“I’ll see you soon honey. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Her soft tone was a relief. I had thought she would hate me forever for killing her son, my brother. The officer patted me on the back and walked out the door.

“You’re gonna be alright kid...”

At the precinct, the police officer walked me into a small room with plain white walls and maroon carpet. A folding table and a small blue plastic chair sat in the middle of the room.

“Hold tight, the detectives will be here in a minute,” the officer said.

The policeman was wrong; I sat in that room for several hours. I spend most of that time sleeping and being awakened by nightmares. Once the detectives arrived, they questioned me for a little over an hour. I was released that morning. One of the detectives

offered to give me a ride home. I declined. I live several miles from downtown, perhaps a half hour drive. I chose to walk because I needed some time to dump the endless chatter hoarding my mind. I stepped out of the precinct; the morning air was stale and cool. Daybreak was beginning to peek from the horizon. I had a final that day, but there was no way I was going to be able to complete it.

“Ummm...Professor Giltreade, I don’t think I’ll be able to make it in today. Why? Oh, fratricide...Yes, I killed my brother....”

It took me two hours to make it home. By then, the elementary school buses were circling the neighborhood and Mrs. Rubenstein was outside pruning her rose bushes. When I walked up to my front door, Mrs. Rubenstein stopped and looked up from her garden.

“Oh, hi Gabriel. How is your day going?” she said.

My tongue soldered to my teeth. I thought about her question for about thirty seconds. I’m sure Mrs. Rubenstein thought I had lost my mind. I stood there in a daze — staring at the cerulean sky. Finally, I answered.

“It’s going...” I paused. “...fine.”

Then I walked in the door.

A Broken Leg : A Better Person

by Gabriel Bambo

Many aspects of my life have influenced my personality and the way that I live. Breaking my leg influenced my life dramatically. I was playing soccer, the game I love most, and broke my left leg. This experience affected my life and made me a better person.

Midway through my junior year in high school in West Africa, the soccer season began. All year everything was going well. My year always gets better, knowing soccer has started. This was my third year making the school soccer team. I had worked hard all through winter during pre-season to make this my best year yet. A few games into the season, we were scheduled to play.

On a hot muggy day, we traveled by bus for an hour and a half to play at Adrian, the venue of the match. Everyone on the team was excited to play. A sunny day is a favorable atmosphere for a good soccer game. The game kicked off. The atmosphere was tense, and the crowd cheered. The expectation of the crowd was to see a very interesting football match, but to our surprise after a while some of the crowd started to leave.

The first half of the game (which was 45 minutes) went on without a goal. We had less than 20 minutes left in the second half of the match, and the game had no score. So I decided to go for what is called “a selfish game.” I was on the run with the ball from half of the field without passing the ball to any of my teammates. I got to the opposing team’s net and immediately, I faced the goalie and took him on. The remaining crowd was tense and excited. The goalie and I came closer. As I took the shot, the goalie slid into me

and stopped my leg in mid-kick. The ball was in between us as I fell to the ground on top of him.

Eventually, I attempted to get off the ground and realized I could not. As I tried to get up my leg felt numb and then was in extreme pain. As a result, I fell back to the ground rolling and screaming. I remember the referee and my coach running towards me on the field. The referee cut my sock and shoe off to see my leg was broken.

My dad came on the field to be by my side. My coach and my father were both holding my hands trying to calm me down; finally, the ambulance arrived to take me away to the hospital.

At the hospital, I was told I had a tibia fracture and was notified I needed surgery. My parents made the decision to have a metal rod placed into my bone and three pins to hold it there. An hour later, I went into surgery. I was in surgery for six hours. When I awoke I saw my parents by the hospital bed.

The first night in the hospital I felt unbelievably helpless. Reality checks in when one depends on pushing a button to receive help to eat, go to the bathroom, or even move a pillow. Slowly the days passed in the hospital.

I was in the hospital for two weeks that seemed like two months to me. My leg was up in a sling for three days before I could put it flat on the bed. Throughout that time, it was hard for me to eat any healthy food, move around, or even stay awake. This time in the hospital made me realize the things many people take for granted.

During my stay in the hospital, I exercised my legs around the hospital's premises. I went to the operating rooms; I saw how some surgeries were performed. I observed the daily activities of doctors

and nurses in the hospital. It was fun for me. I learned, asked questions, and jotted down some notes. My doctor was a nice female doctor and she was kind to me; she answered many of my questions about life at the hospital, surgeries, and one subject led to another. I was glad I had stayed at the hospital. I noticed the look on people's faces when they walked out of the hospital with so much joy; some who had been rushed in screaming in pain and distress. I felt much compassion for them. Then I knew doctors and nurses deserved more money than what they earned every year, because they fight death and restore smiles and hopes of living into people.

On the fifteenth day, I received the best news. My parents told me I could be released, if I felt I was ready. That day I got out of the hospital.

Months later, I returned to the hospital as a volunteer. I wanted to know more, wanted to help, and I had also decided to major in the medical field as a doctor or a nurse. I also wanted to help save lives, fight death, and restore hopes to people. My broken leg made me understand life.

My Sanctuary

A unified crowd makes their opinion known.
All of them, like me, addicted to the sweet science
Careful to breathe, don't forget to breathe
The magic in the air threatens to suffocate.
Blue and red collide till the sharp clear ding sends
Them away.

Protect yourself and keep your hands up.
Snap, step and drag. Put him in the corner
And unload the training within.

This your sanctuary. This is your night.
This is your salty sweat on your tongue.
And the center of attention:
The Boxing Ring.

by Christyann Eliezer

The Understanding of a Child

by Caleb Ross Hunter

Outside their homes, on the mud and stone streets, people went to and fro busy with preparation for the day's work. The sun shown bright over the land as it rose to remind the world the hour was early and the stars were all at rest. Like a great chorus all the women were singing over their morning cooking and the men were grumbling over the Roman tax or perhaps the census that must be taken.

That life, that draws deep breaths to stay alive apart from Roman culture is precious and kept functioning by its people grounded in tradition. That life is that of a Jew or anyone unfit to truly be a Roman citizen. Being under Roman rule is not always pleasant, but for most it is bearable and really all they have known. Neither my best friend, Ethan, nor I has known any other rule than Roman rule.

Our paths of life crossed many years ago when our mothers brought us into this world on the same night. A night not unlike most nights where stars shown bright, and the moon lit the two homes that sat beside each other in the street, where delivering mothers verbalized their pain while bringing forth sons. I only know of this night because I heard the story from both women over and over again. Dolefully, both died many years ago.

No greater two mothers could we have had, for both women treated Ethan and I, Cephas, as sons. When we were too young to work at our fathers' respective trades, they told us stories of the old clan of Israel, the Judges, and Kings. Our favorite stories were of the prophets who spoke about the future and foretold of a Savior that would come. Ethan and I would retell the stories for hours

which would begin to make our imaginations roam.

“Ethan” I asked, “would not the savior be much like Moses, however, more noble and powerful?”

“Yes,” he said. “If my mind could picture such a savior, he would be fierce with the sword and cunning with words, able to challenge and beat any man in battle. Then we might follow him and rise to overthrow the Romans.”

“Ah, Ethan” I replied, “He would be better than Moses standing before pharaoh. Ah, the day, the Messiah brings down Caesar will be a glorious day.”

“Cephas you imagine much,” he said “I hope the Messiah comes in our time so we may rise up with him then. Why then it would be a most glorious day.”

“Yes indeed my friend” I said, “yes indeed. Shalom”

“Shalom.”

Conversation on such stories are rare and hardly heard now that our mothers are gone. To think back to those days when Ethan and I planned the ousting of the Roman Empire seems rather boyish now. Men and women keep the hope alive somewhere within their minds; well, at least, I know I did for awhile. In the deepest part of a man’s heart there is love and hate, hate for those in power over a people who were once free and a love for God who promised a Savior for his people. I had this love and maybe I still do; however, I have become numbed by my growing hatred for the Romans.

Like our fathers before us, Ethan and I are both carpenters by trade. It is an honorable trade that requires a steady hand and a keen eye. The faulty measure of a line can determine success or failure, down to the smallest unit. A pressure and delight to bring beauty

from the rough wood drives our work and skillful dedication. Sounds of chisels scraping in rhythm, and saws spraying dust in the wind, is a song of pleasure in my ears. I can think of no place I would rather be than working with my hands on the finest wood around.

Still the enjoyment is bittersweet for the Romans have claimed much of the finer wood for themselves. Furthermore, the sun has risen as has the talk around our small town of a tax. Herod, a dreadful king, has been a plague for our people. He has slowly sucked much of the life out of us.

Taxes are levied on us like we owe our lives to Caesar, when isn't it our hands that make our own living? Is it not the sweat off our brows that keeps us cool as we work under the baking sun. Our hard earned wealth is but little concern for Herod or Caesar. If there is anything that would unite this town of Bethlehem, it would be anger and hatred toward the Romans. Though as one thinks over the possibilities of success in overthrowing the Romans, there is little hope, of finding a leader willing to undertake such a risky endeavor.

To some, God is our leader and to others it is the Rabbis; still other Jews see the Romans as God's punishment for killing his prophets of long ago. There in my mind again, I have fallen prey to my childish ways of thinking. If God really was going to demolish the Roman Empire, He could do it on his own. He could sweep his hand across the land and push the Romans into the sea. He could restore our peace and joy, but this thought is only a thought surrounded by gray storm clouds of doubt.

Belief was easy as a child when little was our interest outside of our next meal or the story we were to be told. Now greater concerns

are upon each man's chest. Even now there is a census being taken by the Romans, a census to count all those who are living under Roman rule. Each man has to return to his place of birth to be counted. Ethan and I walk down the street to be counted, however, for others in Bethlehem there lay a long journey ahead of them to places as far as Nazareth, or still for others Bethlehem is their journey's destination.

Taxes, census, and the influx of people in the town bring noise and dust to the air. Busy at my work all day, I have never seen more people. It is like a flood flowing over the whole town. Inns are closing their doors because of overcrowding, stables are full of tired animals, and people are still coming in by the droves. This constant movement in the streets makes me restless and I cannot finish my work with a steady hand.

I close the shop in the early afternoon and then I walk over to Ethan's to find out what he thinks of all these people and the census. When I reach his shop, he has already closed and he is sitting outside whittling a piece of wood into a doll.

"Ah, Ethan" I say, "Can you not keep your focus in the shop when the streets are full of hassle and commotion?"

"Yes, indeed my friend there is little work I can do when my mind wanders out the window at the passersby every few seconds" he said "So I have come out here to sit and watch as I carve this doll for your Bina."

Bina is my daughter of four years; my wife and I have been blessed by her. She is the sweetest young flower who has learned quickly how to speak and think. Ethan and his wife have yet to have any children so they, too, are very fond of my little Bina. She calls

Ethan her uncle.

“Bina will love the doll very much. Thank you,” I said. “I was wondering what you think of all these people in Bethlehem.”

“Cephas, there are too many people if you ask me. The inns are filled and not one but two families have come asking if they could stay the night in my shop. I must regret I turned them away,” he said.

“Really?” I questioned.

He replied, “Not more than a few minutes before you walked over here a man came to me asking for room. I must have spent too much time out here in the sun because I turned them away, and as I watched him walk back up the street I saw him direct his expectant wife to sit on the donkey while he led it sadly on down the street. If I had known his wife was a mother-to-be, I would not have turned the man away.”

“You didn’t know Ethan.”

“I might not have known,” he said, “But to think I turned away a woman so far along, it seems to go against all that our mothers told us long ago. If I come across the couple again, I must apologize for not helping them when I could have easily.”

“I see and I hear you.” I said, “If I hear of where they are staying, I will let you know. But now it is getting late and supper will soon be served. Shalom”

“Shalom and thank you,” he said.

As the night set in and the sun set, the town grew quiet and still. The air was clean and clear to breathe again as my family and I ate, then prayed, and readied ourselves to sleep. All our eyes were heavy with a busy day behind us and another before. I put Bina to bed and told her of the stories and prophecies of old. That night I told her

my favorite one about the Messiah who would come. I said: “Though you are little Bethlehem, out of you will rise a leader, far greater than those of old.” A bright light through the window shone on my daughter as she smiled at the conclusion of the story.

“Papa” Bina said, “I think the Messiah is here.”

“Why do you think such a thing Bina?” I questioned.

“Because, Papa!” she exclaimed, “His star is in the sky and it’s shining on the stable next door where the new mother is. It is the sign from your story Papa. The Star of David has been born and we will be saved.”

“Good night, Bina. I will pray you are right.”

Deep within I wanted to believe. I wanted to run to the stable where the star was shining and tell the couple that their Son was going to change the world, but could not. My little Bina understood what the Star meant and had no doubt. But I was full of doubt. I had lost my childhood understanding of faith that is rooted in the love for God.

Our Crooked Little House

A sagging roof
And gaps in the trim.
A couple cracked windows,
Ew, feel that wind!
Droopy doors and uneven floors,
Fixtures still of chrome.
For this crooked little house,
I want to thank you
Dear Lord.
I love it, it's our Home.

by Teresa Grigsby-Evans

It

I don't ask you to fix It;
after all It can't be fixed.

This Void
in my
heart is
unique.

It can't be filled. So don't try.

Just mourn with me;
penetrate into my pain.

Don't turn away —

Don't run.

Embrace me in my distress;
hold me as I cry the ugly cry,
puffy eyed, runny-nosed, sobbing blob of pain.

Love me then.

Help me through —

It.

by Suzanne Peery

My Supplies



by Teresa Grigsby-Evans

Contributors' Biographies

Gabriel Bambo

Gabriel is a 19-year-old Ivy Tech College freshman, who plans to transfer to Purdue University where he will pursue a Bachelor's Degree in Liberal Arts. Gabriel's long-term goal is to become a successful medical doctor.

Jenna Bunch

No bio submitted.

Alex Chesterfield

No bio submitted.

Troy Cothron

No bio submitted.

Christyann Eliezer

No bio submitted.

Jennette Gagnon

Jenny is a 19-year-old Fine Arts major. She graduated from Brownsburg High School in 2008. Her future plan is to move to Hawaii and start an events photography business. She loves photographing people and would love to photograph you!

Jamie Goode

Jamie is a 32-year-old mother, wife, and college student. She has been married for 12 years, and together they have four children. Raised in Southern California, she now resides with her family in Indianapolis.

Teresa Grigsby-Evans

I am a 42-year-old Fine Arts student at Ivy Tech. I'm planning to transfer to the University of Indianapolis eventually. I am very excited about my art classes at Ivy Tech, and I can't wait to see what the future holds for me!

Asher Guernsey

No bio submitted.

Caleb Ross Hunter

Caleb is now a sophomore at Barclay College in Haviland, Kansas, where he is majoring in Youth Ministry and Bible. When he wrote the story that is in *New Voices*, he was still a student at Ivy Tech. Writing has been a hobby that he hopes to continue as a ministry, job, teaching tool, and just for the love of sharing his heart.

Margaret Judy Jones

Margaret earned a degree in Human Services at Ivy Tech Community College in the spring of 2008. She decided she wanted to become a better writer and artist. She is currently working on a Fine Arts degree at Ivy Tech. Margaret enjoys spending time with her grandchildren and learning new things.

Cynthia Kukman

No bio submitted.

Inderjit Mangat

No bio submitted.

Cari Nicholson

Cari's efforts are being focused on art exhibits and art shows. In March she had an exhibit at the Pike Township Library. After attending a Purdue extension workshop on judging artwork, she plans to begin judging art work and photography during the summer months. Her art has appeared in previous issues of *New Voices*.

Suzanne Peery

Suzanne Peery is a sophomore Visual Communications student. With her life-long love of word craft and design, her dream is to write and illustrate children's literature. Her desire is that her work will inspire her readers to open their eyes to the beauty around them and to the beauty within.

Christina Sulzberger

Christina earned a Bachelor's Degree in Business Administration from the University of Indianapolis in 1992. She says that certain events in her life have been responsible for her career path change. She is pursuing a Nursing Degree at Ivy Tech and will enjoy advancing at her current place of employment.

Margaret Summers

No bio submitted.

Jordan Walker

Jordan was part of the student editorial board last year for *New Voices*. This year he hoped to get some of his own pieces published. If you are reading this, then he was successful. Despite the fact that many of his writings are dark, he would consider himself a happy individual.

Rosanna Willhite

Rosanna is a 21-year-old student who is pursuing a Bachelor's degree in English with an emphasis in American Literature. She plans to transfer next fall after she completes her Associates degree at Ivy Tech in the summer. Rosanna is both excited and apprehensive to be published in *New Voices*. One of her favorite things to do is to eat breakfast on the patio enjoying strong coffee and Nutella that is digested with a good conversation shared with her family.

Editors' Biographies

Amanda Conyers Blevins

Amanda lives in Lawrence with her loving husband and three wonderful children. She teaches children's sewing classes and loves all the fine arts. Her education will lead to a BA in Anthropology followed by a Master's in Museum Studies, with a focus on exhibit design. She also loves chocolate.

James Fisher

James is a student who is not sure what to do. He has a passion for writing, but is having trouble being published. Other than school, he enjoys being outside and seeing new places. He says: "This may be the only time his name will be in print."

Hans Peterson

Hans is pursuing an Associates of Liberal Arts and aspires to continue his education at an Ivy League school. He enjoys philosophical literature and has been writing since childhood. In the future, he hopes to accomplish something that will assist in the further progression of humankind.

How to Submit Your Manuscripts and Art Work to New Voices 2011

It is a good idea to have an instructor or someone from the Learning Centers critique and edit your manuscript. When ready, bring or send via office mail, two copies of your manuscript 12 point, Times New Roman to NMC 552. You may also email two copies of your submissions as attachments to jlafoure@ivytech.edu.

Leave your name on one copy of your manuscript.

Include with your email your name, title of your work, and your instructor's name. Also, you should have your titled manuscript, your name, and a mini-bio of yourself in 50 words or less.

Personal essays, short stories, poetry, research papers, and expository writing of all types are accepted. (Please identify the type of writing you are submitting.) Manuscripts of five pages or less of prose will be given first consideration.

Original black and white or color artwork may also be submitted. Cover designs are welcome. Follow the same guidelines as for the written manuscripts.

You **must** include information about how to reach you: address, phone numbers, email addresses, etc. on the manuscript or artwork with your name. Describe the artwork and title it.

By giving the manuscript or art work, etc. to the instructor or a faculty editor for this publication, you are granting permission to publish.

Manuscripts and art work are chosen by a student editorial board. Authorship is not revealed until the material is accepted.

Any unpublished manuscripts or art work not published may be considered for a future issue.

Deadline for Spring 2011 issue is December 1, 2010.

* * *

If you are interested in being a student editor, contact Professor Judith LaFourest, NMC 552, jlafoure@ivytech.edu, 921-4571 or Professor Scott Luter, NMC 509, sluter@ivytech.edu, 921-4857.



